

Taking Me Home

Sleater-Kinney

You come here to my work
You come here every day
To make sure I'm still here
You look at me that way

Rings on my fingers and
Bows in my hair
You think I'm your present
You'll unwrap me here

Is this a bad dream?
Is this really my life?
Well, you wanna know
You'll show me tonight

I have this one
...

Not for sale
Not your girl
Not your thing

I'm here on the counter
With no money down
For nine ninety nine
You're taking me home

A dozen red roses
A cheap little house
A cheap little ring
The deal is cut now

Something is messed up here
Something isn't right
We're supposed to be free
I'm supposed to be mine

This part of my body
That you're pricing now
I'm cutting it off
I'm throwing it out

Not for sale
Not your girl
Not your thing

I got me mixed up with somebody else
I got me mixed up with somebody else